

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. I .- About a score of men, chosen from the 2d, 21st and 33d Ohio, and led by J. J. Andrews, a daring Federal spy, are commissioned to pene-trate the rebel lines to Marietta, Ga., take a train, run northward again, destroying the Georgia Railroad, and so break communication with the South. They leave their division commander, Gen. O. M. Mitchel, April 7, 1862, near Shelbyville, Tenn., reach Chattanooga on the 11th, unfortunately delayed one day. Reaching Marietta, they return by train next | them ; they will ask us a thousand quesday, steal the engine and three cars at Big | tions. Shanty, in the face of 10,000 Confederates, and

dash away. II .- They are pursued by train, and the exciting chase rouses the country. Bridges are burned, tracks destroyed, wires cut, but the pursuers hang on. After a reckless race, the fuel gives out, and there is no opportunity to replenish it. They are almost captured. III .- The story of the train-stealing is told

which they regarded the enterprise. IV .- Alf Wilson takes up his story again as

pursuers. He and Wood narrowly escape detection several times. V .- The fugitives are aided by women. The country is full of enemies, and the strain on Wood and Wilson is terrible. They are sur-

prised by a cavalry squad and captured. they are Southern men trying to escape con- course, was to prevent Union men from runscription. They tell a plausible story, and They are harbored by a Unionist, and later guided on their way and to a boat.

CHAPTER VI-(continued).

ERE OUR GUIDE TOOK HIS leave of us, and we set about finding a way to secure the boat. I first thought to swim the creek, which was very high and running driftwood. After considering the matter, however, I adopted a better plan. Mark secreted himself near the bank below, where I could easily find him. I then went to an open space on the bank and hailooed.

It was now daylight, and a man soon answered. I told him I wished to cross He said it was perfectly right. Confederate note, and I told him I expected to cross back next morning, and would try to have the change for him, which he said would do. I then walked briskly on the road leading to Harrison, until I came to the first turn in the road, when I went into the woods and hid myself until

After dark I went back and cautiously approached the place where the boat was tied. After satisfying myself that the "coast was all clear," I hastily paddled over to the other side, took Mark aboard, and we were soon floating toward the Tennessee. After encountering some troublesome blockades of driftwood and a rebel steamboat or patrol gunboat, we arrived sately in the

Tennessee River. This patrol-boat gave us some concern. She lay in the mouth of the creek with her " nose" to the shore, while her stern lay not far from the opposite bank of the narrow stream. When we first saw her lights, we supposed it to be a cabin near the banks of the creek, and did not discover our mistake until we were right up to her, for the night was pitch dark, and it was raining. These latter circumstances enabled us, by lying down, and quietly steering our boat close under the stern of the steam craft, to glide by unnoticed. I thought if we only had our crowd of train boys along, and Wilson Brown to man the engine, we might easily have taken possession of the craft, and given the rebels another big scare, and, perhaps, all of us escape. But it might not have been any easier to steal a steamboat and get away with it than a railroad train. We drifted on, and in a few moments after we were happy voyagers in the Tennessee River, going down stream with the swift cur-

WHIRLING ALONG IN DARKNESS.

We felt this to be an achievement much chance of escape, if we observed due caution | wind falls." -at least we thought so. This night was one of the worst I ever remember of during my army life. Those comrades who have

panied by a high wind, blinding our eyes much of the time, while the dark, rapid, seething waters carried our little boat on with maddening fury.

ourselves going round and round in a great eddy or swirl, next striking the point of some island, or nearly knocked from the boat by some low-hanging tree from a short turn in the river bank, or getting a startling thump from some on-rushing log or drifting tree. We were in constant ap-

prehension, for in the black darkness we could not see whither we were going and so benumbed were we with wet and cold that we had but little control of the boat, and our ears were our only guide for safety.

When the night was pretty well spent, we began to have a little anxiety as to where daylight would catch us. We knew we had been making good time, and that Chattanooga lay not far ahead of ns. We also knew that it would not do for us to show ourselves in that locality in daylight. We now began to keep a

lookout for a safe landing place. After several ineffectual attempts we found that to land along the | who sent word home that he had a pretty steep banks, in our benumbed condition, was | hard time of it.

both difficult and dangerous. We soon dis- Night came, but the wind still blew our boat up on the bank. We took shelter | most favorable time. under a great forked tree, and wrung the water from our cents.

CHILLED WITH SLEET AND HAIL.

The storm by this time had changed to elect and hail, and it did seem to me that we must perish with cold. We beat our benumbed hands and arms about our bodies, to try to keep up the circulation of the blood but we were chilled to the bone. I have pever, not even in the coldest Winter of the North, experienced so much suffering from 20ld as I did on that terrible night.

sumption, seemed to suffer even more than I did. Never did I see the light of day ap- dreaded city, we felt that the greatest part cover that they wore butternut uniforms, dress of the Secretary of the Association of proach with more gratitude than on that dis- of our task was over. We began to imagine and I hurried back to the canoe. Mark's the Army of the James. mal island at the end of that night of terror. ourselves almost back again among our old disappointment knew no bounds. I could | S. B. Hurlbut, Co. G, 9th Iowa, Alluvia, The sun brought no warmth, but its welcome | compades of the 21st. We felt encouraged | scarcely convince him that I told the truth. | Fla., believes that the first 300,000 men who from whose stone chimney the smoke was that it was not to be all smooth sailing yet. Canoe, and feeling somewhat hungry, and which they could be recognized.

curling up. We at once decided to go there and warm ourselves, even if we had to fight for the privilege, for we might as well perish fighting as with the cold.

We at once lanched our boat and crossed from the island to the shore. As we landed on the bank to go up to the house, Wood, whose teeth were chattering, and who looked both drowned and frozen, said to me: "Alf, you will have to make up some lie to tell to be drifting, our boat was struck a tre-

them; I am too cold to speak the truth, though." But I told Mark to say but little, so that we need not "cross" one another in our story. We were admitted to the cabin, and, as

stood before the great fireplace, I noticed the family viewing our bedraggled, drowned, | torrent, or whirlpool, and it was, no doubt, from the rebel standpoint, showing the eager- forlorn appearance with some curiosity, owing to the blow received by the floating ness of the chase and the amazement with especially the man of the house. After I got log, by which our boat was knocked just so that I could talk freely, I inquired if there | beyond the reach of danger, that we escaped were any boats about there. He said he as fortunately as we did. It was a provithe men jump from the engine, and details knew of none except his own, which the dential blow for us, although it came well part of his thrilling adventures in cluding the | Confederates allowed him to have to cross over to the island to his work. He then asked me if we were looking for boats. I told him we were, and that we had orders boat, which sank pretty low in the current narratives of the war. One is fortuto destroy all we found, with the exception and was now going at railroad speed. We nate in starting to read this story now. of a few owned and in charge of the right soon reached smoother water, and again VI.-Old Snow, Captain of the squad, thinks kind of men. I told him the object, of felt ourselves safe. ning away from the conscription.

"I thought that was your business," said be. "There was a lot of soldiers along here a few days ago and destroyed every boat all his might for us to approach him. As they could find."

He asked if we stayed at Chattanooga, told him that our company was there.

further said : here, except your own?"

He said he did not. After some further talk I asked him if we could get some breakfast with them. He said we could. I then told him we were in the condition of most | don't try to run down through the 'suck.' soldiers-that we had no money, but that I I have lived here all my life, and have known did not think it any dishonor for a man in | men who were well acquainted with the the service of his country to a k for food, river, to be drowned there. It is much

over, and he soon came and took me to the over, and the soon came and took me to the over, and the soon came and took me to the over, and the soon came are took of the over, and the soon came are took me to the over, and the soon came are took me to the over, and the soon came are took me to the over, and the soon came are took of the took per side. He was unable to change a \$5 up to dry a little while we were at break- pilot us down, but he said he was not well. fast. After we had become thoroughly At last, however, with much urging and the warmed and partly dried our clothing we promise of \$3, he consented to go. We took our leave, telling the man to keep an | rowed to the shore, and, after providing himeye out for any boats that might possibly be | self with an extra paddie, he came aboard lying about loose in his vicinity.

not spend much time in hunting for strange | water ran with such great velocity and opportunity to land and secrete ourselves. | control the boat, although we all had paddles, Our hiding place was a thicket in a field and were pulling as if for life. Our new pilot near enough where our boat was tied, so understood his business well, and knew how that we could watch it. The storm had to man a boat. subsided, and during the afternoon the sun shone out bright and warm and a high wind | danger, the river runs through a narrow

WATCHING OUR BOAT.

Sometime before night a man and boy passed across the field not far from us, and the boy soon got his eyes on our cance and cried out, "There's a canoe, pap!

They went down to it, and, from their actions, we saw that they were going to take it away. I spoke to Wood and told him that it would not do to allow them to do so, and we walked out of the thicket on the further less been drowned, but for the accidental side from them, and leisurely came down to | fact of meeting this man. Though it had where they were, when I said:

that boat?" "I thought it had drifted here, and I was going to take care of it," was the reply. "That is a Government boat," said I We tied it up here awhile ago on account

of the high wind." before told at our last stopping place. This | tried to escape from prison. The most critiseemed to be an entirely satisfactory expla- | cal part of a journey is that which lies imnation to him. I then said to Mark: "Do | mediately between the two contending you think the wind will admit of our pro- armies. At such places between the two ceeding on our way to Chattanooga?"

swer, and said : in our favor. We had now a decidedly good | better go down to the house and wait till the | scouts, or prowling bands of cavalrymen from | coln's first call, and that a medal be given | by Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt.

This proposition suited us well enough, under the circumstances, so we accepted his invitation and accompanied him to his cabin. campaigned in East Tennessee will not need We found his wife a very talkative old lady. Headquarters, and if the unfortunate fellow Marion County battalion, under Maj. Hunt. be told how disagreeable a cold rain storm | She sympathized heart and soul, she said, does not tell a pretty straight story, or if | On Sept. 14, 1862, the company proceeded to

Some ten or fifteen miles below the city also anxious to learn something about the river runs through a deep gorge, and the Federals, we concluded to skulk off narrows down to only a small proportion of its former width. The mountains rise abits former width. The mountains rise abitupity from the water in frowning grandeur, caoin, where we got breakfast and learned

just received. We perceived, even in the darkness, that | them. there was danger ahead. The great roar and noise caused by the dashing of the angry waters against the rocks warned us. We hugged the left bank with our little boat as closely as possible. As we passed the angry whirlpool, into which we seemed mendous blow by a floating log. We thought we were all dashed to pieces. The I said: "I don't know what I can tell blow hoisted us away, however, several vards to the left, and we went flying down the gorge like the wind.

We were afterwards told that a number of adventurous persons had, at different times, lost their lives in trying to run down this place, by getting swamped in this great

nigh crushing our boat. We pulled at our paddles with might and

TAKING ON A PILOT.

It was now getting light, and, as we drifted on, we saw a man on shore motioning with there seemed to be something unusual about his actions, we pulled in a little, when he hailed us and said if we went on as we were then going, we would be drowned in spite "Then you don't know of any boats along of fate. He said: "You are strangers in these parts, ain't you?" We told him we had never been down the river before, although quite familiar with the country. He then said: "Strangers, whatever you do, worse than the place you have just passed.' and took charge of our craft, which we ran We now resumed our boat voyage, and did as close to the left shore as possible. The boats, but availed our-elves of the first good | force that we found it almost impossible to At the place where we apprehended most

gorge. The whole volume of water, thus circumscribed, draws right to the center of the channel. After a ride which I never wish to repeat, we passed in safety, with no further mishap than getting our boat nearly full of water, which we soon baled out.

Our pilot now gave us careful directions as to the course we should take in the river below, after which we dismissed him, first paying him \$3, which we felt had been a good investment, as we would have doubtbeen our practice to travel only in the night, "Hello, there! what are you doing with | yet we had been compelled, through the difficulty of navigating this part of the river, to travel in daylight, which was imprudent, as we were constantly reminded.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

I may state just here a fact which is well I repeated the boat story which we had known to all men who, in time of war, have hostile lines patrols are constantly moving The man spoke up before Mark could an- about. Outposts are established on all important roads, while videt and picket posts, "Men, I would not advise you to venture in command of the most active and vigilant on the river now. It is not safe. You had officers, are constantly on the alert for spies, be made of the veterans who answered Linthe enemy's camp.

the Officer of the Gnard, who either sends him to the guard-house or to the General at is there. The incessant rain was accom- with soldiers, for she had a son in the army, there is anything suspicious about his ap- Macon, Mo., and joined the 22d Mo., then



AN EXCITING PASSAGE.

covered that we were passing what seemed gale. They invited us to stay all night to be a small island. We hugged close along | with them, but we told them that it was the shore until we reached the lower end, absolutely necessary that we should be back and a place where the rapid current did not to camp by the next day, if possible. We strike our boat, and by the aid of our pad- had learned, in the meantime, that we were dles and the overhanging tree branches, we only five miles above Chattanooga, and we effected a safe landing in the dark, and drew timed our start so as to pass there at the

CHAPTER VII.

Running by Chattanooga-A Dangerous Voyage-Through Whirlpools and Rapids. A Terrific Ride—Hailed by Rebel Cavalry. | whether they were rebels or Yankees; so in Reconnoitering a Rebel Camp at Bridgeport-Arrival at Stevenson-Fatal Mistake-Captured Within Seven Miles of Mitchel's Lines.

before daylight we were quietly drifting with the boat, while I stole up to the camp days, and served to the close of the war. I Poor Wood, who afterwards died of con- past Chattanooga-that most "ticklish" point. When we had fairly passed that It did not take me long, however, to dis-

caught fooling around this ground between | ing over some books and papers I found a two hostile armies in camp. A man is almost certain to be captured, unless he is company while we were quartered in the well posted, and, if captured, he must give Workhouse in the city of Charleston, S. C., a very strict account of himself. As before stated, we found it unsafe to

travel in daytime, and shortly after dismissing our pilot we spied a squad of rebel cavalry on the right bank of the river. Luckily the river was pretty wide at that place, and we chanced to be well to the far side from them. They yelled to us to come ashore. but we pretended not to hear them, and acted as if we were intending to land leisurely on the far side. We were too far away for convenient musket range, and did not fear them much: but the circumstance caused us to think it best to land a few miles below and secrete both ourselves and

the boat. During the voyage of the following night, or rather just before daylight, we passed the Bridgeport Railroad crossing. We could see the guards on the bridge, but did not know had occupied Bridgeport.

to find out what kind of soldiers were there. carried a musket in Co. A, 185th N. Y."

while great rocks, from dizzy hights, project that the Yankees were at Stevenson, or a out over the rushing, foaming torrent be-low. To increase the troubles of navigation leaving this cabin we met a equad of solhere the river makes a sharp turn to the diers in full retreat. They told us that we left, after a long, straight stretch, during had better be "lighting out"; that the roads which time the water gathers great velocity | and woods were abive with the Yankee cavof motion and suddenly dashes against the alry. "They are in Stevenson and pushing wall of rock at the elbow, recoils, and forms on this way in heavy force." We expressed a great, rapid, foaming eddy, after which it some little apprehension, but went on a litrushes on down the gorge in mad fury, as if | the farther, when we met more rebel militia, trying to get revenge for the check it has who told us the same story. It seemed as if there was a regular stampede among

We now became pretty well convinced that if we could get safely to Stevenson we would be all right. So we went back to our cance and rowed down the river again, until we thought we were about opposite the town, which is about four miles north from the river. Then we tied up the canoe and struck out through the woods for the town. Just before reaching the place, we had to

cross a creek, after which we ascended a very long, steep hill. When we had reached the top of this hill, we were somewhat surprised to find ourselves right in the town, but not half so much astonished as we were to find no blue-coats there, but the streets swarming with rebel soldiers. We had been wofully deceived by the stories of the frightened fugitives we had met in the forenoon, and had unwarily entrapped ourselves.

The events noted at the close of this installment invest Alf Wilson's adventures with a new interest, for the incidents related in succeeding issues main to keep the water from swamping our make up one of the most remarkable To be continued.

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> > PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

F. J. M. Titus, Co. F. 7th Ind. Cav., Joelton, Tenn., writes: "I once saw something mander, Dick Davis, in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and have waited for someone to tell the story. Dick Davis was captured by Capt, Joe Skelton, of Co. F. 7th Ind. Cav. The writer was there, and saw Davis surrender. It was just south of Coldwater Creek, in Mississippi, Davis was apprehended by the writer, who gave Capt. Skelton information as to his whereabouts, and, being in command of the advance-guard, led the charge on the house Davis was in. Davis tried to escape, but the Captain and I were rather close. He saw no chance but to "surrender or die." We returned to Memphis. There Davis was court-martialed and sentenced to be hanged. The writer escorted him from Irwin Block Prison to Fort Pickens in command of 40 as he had caused at least 100 men to be put to death after they had surrendered. Thus ended the career of one of the most notorious bushwhackers and guerrillas of the

Fight at Olustee.

Benjamin F. Pierce, Bethesda, Md. writes: "The Maj. Bogle mentioned in "Andersonville" must be Maj. Archibald Bogle of Col. Beecher's 35th U. S. C. T. Lient.-Col. Reed, of Austria, was in command at Olustee, from which battle Andersonville received so many prisoners. Our regiment was the last of the strung-out column of fours, but we were hustled into the battle in fine style by Col. Reed, as he had such a clarion voice. We had 220 casualties in half an hour. The management on our side was bad. The 'bungling Brigadier,' Seymour, exceeded his instructions, it was said."

Saw Much Hard Service.

Wm. T. Ogle, Co. I, 10th Mo., Bancroft. Iowa, writes: "I agree with the suggestions of Comrades Hobart and Kellogg that a roll to each. Co. C was organized by Capt. Every stray man is picked up and sent to | Erastus Morse, June 8, 1861, for three years, independent of the President's call for three-months' men, and attached to the the 10th Mo, then camped at Clear Creek, Miss. Co. D was then designated Co. I. From this time on its history is that of the 10th Mo. Now, comrades, don't you think we ought to have some claim on that

Morgan's Raid Again.

J. R. Clift, Co. E. 8th Ky. Cav., and First Lieutenant, Co. A. 17th Ky. Cav., writes: Comrade J. T. Robb, Co. A, 16th Kv. takes me to taw in regard to Morgan's raid. may have made some mistakes, but I know that when we left the crossroads we met Conners bringing orders from Gen. Hobson for us to hurry forward. We found that day, and they had been run in by Morgan's men. As to the date I am not positive. It may have been July 2. As to Tebbs Bend on Green River, Maj. Moor whipped Morgan wounded.

Found on a Plantation.

Gilbert J. Brown, Sergeant, Co. B, 127th N. Y., Minisink, N. Y., writes: "While lookbook given to me by a member of my own entitled 'Plain Commentary. St. Luke, xiiixxiv. London.' The binding is sheep, with gilt lettering on back, red marginal lines on cover, with red edges to leaves. Inscribed on fly-leaf with lead pencil is 'Abram Mc-Naughton, Co. K, 24th Reg't N. Y. S. V.'" "A Young 'Un."

R. P. Kercheval Coffeyville, Kan., writes: 'In the issue of May 27, I noticed a communication from J. L. Freeman in regard to his age and service. I can see him one bet-ter. I enlisted in Co. H, 18th Ind., Sept. 1, 1861, and served in that company and Co. B, 1st Ind. Cav., until July 4, 1865. I was born March 9, 1847. I was wounded three times, and was a guest of the Confederacy for quite awhile at Tyler, Tex.

Scattering.

Charles A. Slade, Memphis, N. Y., writes: "Comrade J. L. Freeman, Baltimore, says this uncertainty we let our boat drift quietly he was born Nov. 7, 1847; enlisted March with the current, and passed by unnoticed. | 25, 1862, at the age of 14 years, 4 months, We supposed confidently that Gen. Mitchel 18 days, and served three years, two months, and five days. He carried a musket. I was About midnight the wind went down, and we pushed out in our little boat and long out of sight we landed, and Mark remained at the age of 15 years, 2 months, and 25 THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE wants the ad-

8

FIGHTING THEM OVER

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

THE STORY OF RUSH'S LANCERS.

How the 6th Pa. Cav. Made an Enviable Record Fighting for the Old Flag. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Rush's Lancers was organized in Philadelphia, Pa., in August, 1861, by special authority from the War Department, under the direction of Col. Richard Henry Rush, a classmate of Maj.-Gen. Geo. B. McClellan at West Point. After his graduation Rush had served as

an officer in the Artillery Corps during the

Mexican war, after which he resigned, and resided in Philadelphia, taking an active interest in military affairs. He had become Captain of the Philadelphia Greys, a crack military organization existing in the '50's. The regiment was styled at first as the Philadelphia Light Cavalry, armed only with saber and pistol. On Oct. 4, 1861, Col. Rush, at Washington, D. C., received the following dispatch from Maj.-Gen. G. B. Mc-Clellan:

"How would you like to organize your regiment as lancers. Answer at once." Rush answered: "Your telegram received. Your wishes would be my choice. The material of my regiment is fully equal to the lance. I would consider the selection an honor."



ONE OF RUSH'S LANCERS.

The lance, of an Austrian pattern, was self. adopted by the regiment. It was the only lance regiment in the service during the en- | Lieutenant came after them down the road tire war, and was attached at all times to and cried: "Boys, let us save the battery." the Army of the Potomac.

Col. Rush was an excellent organizer and He not only assumed all the responsibilities necessary for organizing and equipping a ments, but understood every detail. He ran." was well versed in all the requirements of the Quartermaster, Commissary and Ordnance Departments. His officers were all men of high standing, and well qualified for their respective positions. His memory was excellent; he could call every member of the regiment by name. He was exacting as giving them canister now. men. Davis confessed he deserved death, to neatness and a quick appreciation of the qualities necessary for an ideal soldier. The regiment from its commencement until it was mustered out.

The regiment left Philadelphia in December, 1861, for Washington, D. C., nearly 1,000 strong, every man mounted and fully equipped, accompanied by its mounted band of 20 pieces. It encamped during the Winter of 1861-62 on Meridian Hill, out 14th street, just above the old Columbian College.

The regiment was joined by Capt. John McArthur, 5th U. S. Cav., who became Lieutenant-Colonel, proved a valuable officer and instructor, and aided Col. Rush materially in producing one of the best-drilled cavalry regiments in the Army of the Potomac. At Warrenton Junction in May, 1863,

just prior to Stoneman's raid, Col. Rush resigned, owing to general debility caused by exposure. His loss was deeply regretted. At the time of the reorganization of the cavalry, under Maj.-Gen. Hooker, the 6th Pa. Cav. was brigaded with the 1st, 2d, 5th, and 6th U.S. Cav., forming the Reserve Brigade (but a mighty effective one), commanded by Gen. John Buford, and for a long time

The regiment was well drilled in the use of the lance, but after Stoneman's raid they were abandoned and turned in to the Quartermaster's Department. Sharpe's carbines were substituted, much to the gratification of the officers and men. The red pennant on the lance-pole had been a veritable tarorganizing, and was designated Co. D. July | get for the enemy when a lance was out on 22, 1862, the 22d Mo. was consolidated with | picket; besides, they had been a decided nuisance in a wooded country.

The regiment participated in all the marches and battles of the Army of the Potomac, commencing with the march to Manassas in April, 1862. It was at Hanover Courthouse, under Maj.-Gen. Fitz-John Porter; in the seven days' fight, and made a gallant charge at Gaines's Mill. After leaving the Peninsula it was at Antietam. charging across Burnside's Bridge. Then it followed the Confederate army to Culpeper and Brandy Station, and participated in the "mud march."

In May, 1863, participated in Stoneman's raid. It magnificently encountered the Hobson had his wagons corraled, and was flower of Virginia's cavalry at Beverly Ford, expecting Morgan every moment. The boys June 9, 1863, where it lost several of its told us Hobson had sent out a forage train | best officers and over 100 men, inflicting, however, an equal loss on the enemy.

It was at Aldie, Middleburg, Warrenton, Thoroughfare Gap, and assisted in holding in check Longstreet's infantry on the third John Morgan with about one hundred day at Gettysburg. It fought at Williams-Michigan men. He had one soldier killed. port on July 6, 1863, and followed up the all its horses, was left between the lines, and Confederate army until December, when it went into Winter quarters at Mitchell's Station.

In May following, when Gen. Sheridan took command of the Cavalry Corps, it was assigned to Maj.-Gen. A. T. A. Torbert's Division, and with Gen. Merritt as brigade commander it participated at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Todd's Tavern, raid to Beaver Dam Station, and White House Landing; at Yellow Tavern, Hawe's Shop, Totopomy Creek, Cold Harbor, Trevillian Station; in the Shenandoah Valley while Gen. Sheridan was operating in that section; in front of Petersburg; at Five Forks, and was continually employed in the advance of the army until the surrender at Appomattox.

On the Peninsula it performed picket and scout duty, and, owing to the excellent appearance of its officers and men, squadrons were selected for Division and Corps Headquarters special duties.

While Gen. Meade was in direct command of the Army of the Potomac a squadron from this regiment was always at his Headquarters, and in General Orders he complimented the officers and men for their valuable services at Gettysburg, while Gen. Sheridan complimented the regiment.

Lieut. Charles L Leiper became a Brigadier-General; Capt. George Meade was an Aid-de-Camp, with rank of Colonel, on his father's staff, and subsequently Captain in the Regular Army; Col. A. P. A. Morrow was a private in this regiment, subsequently being promoted Captain, and was an Aid-de-Camp on Sheridan's staff. After the war he became Colonel of the 9th Cav.

Capt. L. C. Newhall was Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Gen. Sheridan. Immediately after the war a veteran association was formed in Philadelphia, and to the credit of its officers be it said, the interest in the association does not wane in the least.—BLASCHEK

ON THE QUAKER ROAD.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have never seen a correct account of the Quaker Road fight in Virginia in March, 1865. It was not a big fight, but desperate and fierce while it lasted. In November, 1864, our battery (D. 5th U. S. Art.), Griffin's, was at Fort Wadsworth, on the Weldon Railroad, together with Hart's 15th N. Y. battery. Griffin took a great pride in his battery, and I will say he was one of the finest artillerymen in the service. We boys were almost all volunteers from the regiments in the Fifth Corps. The time of a good many of the men was out, and they were ordered to their regiments for discharge. There were 12 or 14 of us that had six or seven months to serve yet, and were ordered to report to Battery B, 4th U. S. Art., at Fort Duchesne, further south on the railroad.

Tom Broderick, our First Sergeant, was but 19 years old when I joined the battery in 1862. When we reported to Battery B. Hank Sherman, Springsteed, and I were ordered to Sergeant Pat Falis, on the fourth

After a raid south on the Weldon Railroad we went into quarters for the Winter. Serg't Pat Falis got his discharge, and Serg't Jas. Maher took his place.

On the afternoon of March 28, 1865, we received orders to move. About noon next day we went into park near a stream in an open field. To our right and front was pine woods. There were four batteries together-B, 4th U. S.; D, 5th U. S.; Mink's 1st N. Y., and D. 1st N. Y. About 3 o'clock Battery B was ordered to the front. Everything was very still. We crossed the creek and got on a dirt road. All around us was heavy timber. We went three miles to a clearing on the right of the road. About the center of the clearing, next to the road, was a story-and-a-half frame building, and back of this three or four log huts. We could see our lines-of-battle at the edge of the timber. To the left of the road in our front was a big pile of sawdust, near what remained of a sawmill.

We took position back of the house and between the log huts. The battery was now commanded by Lieuts. Mitchell and Vose. We were here perhaps 15 minutes, when the sharp crack of the skirmishers' rifles came to our ears. We could now hear the wellknown rebel yell. We got orders to limber to the rear; went back on a trot, and came into position at the edge of the timber in the clearing. We got orders to shell the woods in our front. When we were falling back to change our position the regiment that was in line-of-battle across the road and behind the sawdust pile at the front came down the road pell-mell, every one for him-

They formed behind the left piece. A They did; for if they had not run away when they did our battery would have been instructor, having but few superiors, if any. | captured. When the Lientenant got up to his men he stood by our gun (4) and gave them a great overhauling. He said: "This regiment of 1,000 men, horses and acconter- is the first time a regiment of the corps ever

> The rebels were coming through the gap that this regiment had left in the line. As soon as this officer saw them he turned to the men and said: "Boys, you can go. I am going back to the house and save the battery." He started all alone. We were A little drummer-boy sounded the long roll.

and ran to the front all alone after the officer. School of the Soldier" was a part of the Tears were streaming down his cheeks. As soon as that drum sounded the men of the regiment gave the wildest yell I ever heard and started for the buildings. They had to race with the rebels. We had but two little brigades of the First Division near, while a whole division of John-

nies were in front. Griffin came up the

road in our rear and, riding back of the guns, shouted: "Give 'em canister! Let em go, boys; no sponging!" Griffin sent all his Aids and staff to the rear, but his little mounted Orderly would not go. It was Buell, "The Cannoneer." The rebels drove our men back on the battery; they reformed behind it. The enemy could not get possession of the building in our front, for the regiment that had run away had it. Reinforcements struck the enemy on both flanks. The clearing was

full of the dead and wounded. The rebels were hurled back. I should like to know who the drummer-

boy, and who the Lieutenant,-THOMAS SCOTT, Auburn, N. Y.

Mrs. Hudnut's free offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6 will interest all women.

A MAN OF PLUCK.

Serg't Mears, Who Won a Medal of Honor for Daring at Gettysburg. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: George Washington Mears, at present Railroad Agent at Rupert, Pa., holds a medal of honor for distinguished gallantry in action at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

When the 6th Reserves charged from Little Round Top down through the historic Wheatfield Col. Ent noticed a number of rebel sharpshooters located in a log house over to the right, who were picking off officers and men of his regiment by their welldirected fire. The Colonel asked Serg't Mears to call for volunteers and drive the rebels out of the house.

Serg't Mears, at the head of five men. charged the house, and captured about a dozen Johnnies and brought them into our lines prisoners. This was the act that gained him the medal, it being worked up by his comrades at one of the Reunions of the 6th Regiment. Comrade Mears is almost too modest to mention the fact. He was also one of the party who helped save one of the pieces of a Vermont battery belonging to the Third Corps that, having lost 1863, the rebels had crept up and attached a rope to the gun, and were about to draw it away. Serg't Mears, who was collecting some ammunition from cartridge-boxes, saw what was going on, and, with the help of some comrades, cut the rope and saved the gun. Mears enlisted in Co. A, 6th Pa. Reserves, at the age of 17, in 1861, and served with distinction until the Mine Run movement under Meade, in November, 1863, when a piece of shell shattered his shoulder, and he lost his left arm. He was said by the Surgeon to be the worst wounded man in the division who recovered .- ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

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